

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

Out, out, thou strumper Fortune! all you gods,  
In generally nod take away her power,  
Breake all the spokes, and fellowes from her wheele,  
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen  
As lowe as to the fiends.

*Polo.* This is too long.

*Ha.* It shal to the barbers with your beard; prethee say on, he's  
for a lig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepe, say on, come to *Hecuba*.

*Play.* But who, a woe, had seene the mobled Queene.

*Ham.* The mobled Queene.

*Polo.* That's good.

*Play.* Runne barefoot vp and downe, threatning the flames.  
With *Bison* rhume, a clout vpon that head  
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,  
About her lapck and all ore-teamed loynes,  
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp.  
Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steep,  
Gainst fortunes state would treason haue pronounc'd;  
But if the gods themselues did see her then,  
When she saw *Pirhus* make malicious sport  
In mincing with his sword her husbands limmes,  
The instant burst of clamor that she made,  
Vnlesse things mortall moue them not at all,  
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen  
And passion in the gods.

*Pol.* Looke where he has not turned his collour, and has teares  
in's eyes prethee no more.

*Ham.* Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone,  
good my Lord will you see the Players well bestowed; doe you  
heare, let them be well vsed, for they are the abstract and breefe  
Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a  
bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

*Pol.* My Lord, I will vse them according to their desert.

*Ham.* Gods bodkin man, much better, vse euery man after his  
desert, and who shall scape whipping, vse them after your owne  
honour and dignitie, the lesse they deserue the more merrit is in  
your bouny. Take them in.

*Pol.* Come sirs.

*Ha.* Follow him friends, weele here a play to morrow; dost thou  
here

## Prince of D

heare me old friend, can you

*Play.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* Weele hau't to mo  
a speech of some dosen lines  
downe and insert in't: coul

*Play.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* Very well, follow t  
not. My good friends, Ile l  
to *Elfonoure*.

*Ros.* Good my Lord.

*Ham.* I so, God buy to y  
O what a rogue and pesant  
Is it not monstrous that thi  
But in a fixion, in a dreame  
Could force his soule so to l  
That from her working all  
Teares in his eyes, distracti  
A broken voice, and his wh  
VVith formes to his conce  
For *Hecuba*.

VVhat's *Hecuba* to him, or  
That he should weepe for l  
Had he the motiue, and th  
That I haue? he would dro  
And cleaue the generall ear  
Make mad the guilty, and  
Confound the ignorant, a  
The very faculties of eyes  
A dull and muddy mettled  
Like *Iohn-a-dreames*, vnp  
And can say nothing; no  
Vpon whose property and  
A damn'd defeate was ma  
VWho calls me villain, bre  
Plucks off my beard, and b  
Twekes me by the nose, g  
As deepe as to the lunges:  
Hah! s' wounds I should t  
But I am pidgion liuerd, a